



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

JOURNAL

OF THE

AMERICAN ORIENTAL SOCIETY.

Tibetan Buddhist Birth-Stories: Extracts and Translations from the Kandjur.—By Hon. WILLIAM WOODVILLE ROCKHILL, Assistant Secretary of State of the United States of America, Washington, D. C.

Now that a translation of the complete Pāli text of the Buddhist birth-stories is in course of preparation under the editorship of Professor E. B. Cowell, it seems opportune to call attention to the material contained in the Tibetan canonical books (*Kandjur*), and to its importance in connection with such a work; and though I cannot here do more than touch on the subject, the labor which even a cursory examination of the numerous and ponderous volumes of the *Kandjur* entails is so great and existing indexes to this work are so imperfect, that I am led to believe that even a brief notice of the subject may prove acceptable.

By far the larger number of Jātakas I have come across are in volumes III. and IV. of the *Dulwa* (Vinaya) section of the Tibetan *Kandjur*. Some of them have been translated into German by Anton Schiefner of St. Petersburg, and published in English by W. R. S. Ralston in a volume of Trübner's Oriental Series entitled "Tibetan Tales derived from Indian sources" (London, 1 vol., 8°, 1882); a few have been rendered into English by the present writer in his "Life of the Buddha" (London, 1 vol., 8°, 1884); and twenty-two are found in the Tibetan canonical work entitled *Djang-lun*, "The Sage and the Fool," published in German translation by I. J. Schmidt (1 vol., 4°, St. Petersburg, 1843); but with the exception of these and of a few scattered about in various works, the great bulk of Tibetan birth-stories still remains untranslated and, in fact, unknown.

Although I have, at various times, read the whole *Dulwa*, I can at present only find my notes on the third and fourth volumes. For the convenience of students, I have, in the following index, not only noted the untranslated stories, but also those translated by Schiefner and myself, the page-references being to the copy of the *Kandjur* in the British India Office library. I have also appended brief references to the various Jātakas which occur in the *Djang-lun*, in Schmidt's edition of that work.

Among the untranslated birth stories in the Dulwa I have chosen five from the fourth volume, and one from the sixteenth volume of the Mdo (*Sūtra*); and though perhaps they are not the best to be found in it, I offer them as fair specimens of this style of stories, in the hope that they may prove of interest.

1. Jātakas in Volume III. of the Dulwa.

P. 1-4. The Buddha was the crafty Padmai rtsa-lag (Padmabandhu?), who killed his mistress Bhadrā and then accused a hermit of the crime.

P. 4-5. The Buddha was the Brahman Lnga-brgya-chan (Pancha-cataka?), who believed in the teachings of the Buddha Vipagyin, and who, together with his five hundred fellow-students, ate spoiled barley, because the Buddha said he should not eat delicate food.

P. 5-14. The Buddha was the Brahman youth Bla-ma (Uttara?), son of Shing sala-ch'en-po lta-bu nyagrodha (Mahāsāla-nyagrodha?), who was presented to the Buddha Kaçyapa by the potter Dgah-skyong (Nandapāla?), and who became a Bhikshu.

P. 14-15. The Buddha was a physician, who had not cured a sick boy because he had not been paid for his previous services.

P. 15-16. The Buddha was a fisher boy, who found pleasure in seeing two other fishermen hurt themselves.

P. 16-17. The Buddha was a strolling athlete, who broke his adversary's back in a fight.

P. 69-70. The Buddha was the King of Peacocks, Gser-du snang-wa (Suvāṇaprabhāsa?), who was learned in spells and charms.

P. 70-71. The Buddha was a snake charmer, who cured the King's son when he was bitten by a viper, by repeating charms.

P. 143-144. The Buddha was Yul-k'or skyong (Rāṣṭrapāla), King of Swans, and a peacock wanted to marry his daughter. See *Tibetan Tales*, p. 354.

P. 172-173. The Buddha was a hermit, who by showing respect to a nun obtained the five *abhijñās*.

P. 173-174. The Buddha was King Çivi who was very charitable to the sick.

P. 174-176. The Buddha was the son of King Çivi. He was suffering from a pain in his side, but gave the rare drugs he was taking to a Pratyeka Buddha suffering with the same complaint.

P. 177-178. The Buddha was the younger son of King Brahmadatta; assisted by the younger son of the royal chaplain, he drugged the elder brother, so as to govern in his stead.

Besides these birth stories, in which the Buddha plays the leading part, this volume contains the following stories of a similar description, in which, however, only some of his disciples figure.

P. 62-63. A story about the Bhikshus Kaphina, Çāriputra, and Māudgalyāyana.

P. 150-152. The two otters who were imposed upon by the jackal Mukhara. See *Tibetan Tales*, p. 332.

P. 153-154. The Brahman who tried to get a piece of cloth from the host at an entertainment to which he had not been asked.

P. 352. The dog who, on hearing the gong beat in two monasteries, one on either side of the river, used to swim across to get food. The gongs in both viharas sounding at the same time, he did not know which way to go and was carried off by the stream.

2. Jātakas in Volume IV. of the Dulwa.

P. 195-207. The Buddha was the Brahman youth Uttara.

P. 209-214. The Buddha was a clever thief. See *Tibetan Tales*, p. 37, and *Life of the Buddha*, p. 56. This is the famous story of The Treasure of Rhampsinitus (Herodotus, ii. 121).

P. 216-219. The Buddha was a hermit. Story of Ṛcya-çṛṅga. See *Tibetan Tales*, p. 253, and *Life of the Buddha*, p. 57.

P. 219. The Buddha was a Kinnara or demigod.

P. 274-276. The Buddha was a householder in a village, who left a treasure concealed in the ground when he went away from his home. Translated below, No. I.

P. 277-278. The Buddha was a hermit, who reared an elephant. Translated below, No. II.

P. 279-283. The Buddha was a king of deer, called "Golden side" (*Gser-gyi glo*), who saved a man from drowning and was afterwards killed by him.

P. 283-285. The Buddha was a monkey-chief, who gave mangoes to a wreath-maker and was afterwards killed by him. Translated below, No. III.

P. 285-286. The Buddha was a woodpecker, who took a bone out of a lion's throat. See *Tibetan Tales*, p. 311.

P. 286-288. The Buddha was a bear, who took care of a wood-chopper and was afterwards killed by him. Translated below, No. IV.

P. 288-290. The Buddha was a bear, who protected a man from a tiger.

P. 290-292. The Buddha was the charitable King Çivi, who gave his blood to cure a sick man.

P. 293-297. The Buddha was Prince Dgé-byed (Kshemaṁ-kara?). See *Tibetan Tales*, p. 279.

P. 298-301. The Buddha was Prince Visākha, whose wife abandoned him for a cripple. See *Tibetan Tales*, p. 291.

P. 301-314. The Buddha was Prince Viçvantara (*T'ams-chad-kyi sgrol*), who gave his two children and his wife to a Brahman. See *Tibetan Tales*, p. 257.

P. 333-335. The Buddha was a hunter, who saved the lives of another hunter and some animals who had fallen into a pit. See *Tibetan Tales*, p. 309.

P. 335-336. The Buddha was a mouse called Given-by-Ganga (Gangādatta?). See *Tibetan Tales*, p. 308.

P. 348. The Buddha was an elephant. See *Tibetan Tales*, p. 341.

P. 353-354. The Buddha was a hermit.

P. 362. The Buddha was a child named "Desire of the law" (*Ch'os-hdod*, Dharmakāma?), who was saved from poisoning by the asseveration of a hermit.

P. 363-364. The Buddha was a hermit, and a crow broke his cooking pots. See *Tibetan Tales*, p. 356.

P. 365. The Buddha was the pheasant "Righteous" (*Ch'os-ldan*, Dharmika?). See *Tibetan Tales*, p. 358.

P. 365-371. The Buddha was Prince Sūryanemi (*Nyi-mai mu-k'yod*). See *Tibetan Tales*, p. 273.

P. 371. The Buddha was a jeweler, who offered to sell to another jeweler at a very low price a precious vase; but the other one abused him because he would not take a still smaller price.

P. 372. The Buddha was a younger brother, who was killed by the elder.

P. 372-373. The Buddha was one of two daughters of a Brahman and used to go out to beg for him.

P. 379-381. The Buddha was Bdjīn-rgyas (Mukhara?), younger son of the Swan King, "Protector of the Country" (*Yul-k'or skyong*, Rāṣṭrapāla?), and his brother was Gang-wa (Pūrṇa?). He lived in a pond at Benares with five hundred swans.

P. 381-383. The Buddha was King Gad-rgyangs-chan(?), whose trustworthy general was "Having a stick of chyamadam (?)" (*Bya-ma dum gyi dbyug-gu-chan*).

P. 383. The Buddha was a lion, who was saved from out of a well by a jackal. See *Tibetan Tales*, p. 335.

P. 383-385. The Buddha was Prince of a band of gazelles, and his doe would not abandon him when he was trapped by a hunter. See *Tibetan Tales*, p. 346.

P. 385. The Buddha was an elephant that a jackal tried to frighten. Translated below, No. V.

P. 386-387. The Buddha was the chief of a band of monkeys which he saved from death by believing in a dream. See *Tibetan Tales*, p. 350, and Samuel Beal, *Catalogue of Chinese Tripitaka*, p. 85.

P. 387-388. The Buddha was the chief of a band of monkeys, and he prevented them from eating poisonous fruit. See *Tibetan Tales*, p. 352.

P. 388-389. The Buddha was the chief of a band of mice, five hundred of which were caught by a cat called "Fire-born" (*Me-skyes*, *Agnija*). See *Tibetan Tales*, p. 344.

P. 389-390. The Buddha was an ox that was willing to work. See *Tibetan Tales*, p. 321.

P. 399-400. The Buddha was a hermit whose followers were beguiled by another hermit.

P. 458-459. The Buddha was a bull whom an ass tried to imitate. See *Tibetan Tales*, p. 323.

P. 460-462. The Buddha was the elder son of the royal chaplain of King Sems-dpah (Sattva ?), and in his absence his younger brother took his dead father's place, and when the elder brother came back, the King swore the younger brother was the elder.

P. 462-463. The Buddha was an expert mechanician, who invented a flying-machine. His apprentice tried to use it, but was thrown into the sea. See *Life of the Buddha*, p. 108.

3. Jātakas in the Djang-lun.

Ch. 2. The Buddha offers his body to a tigress as food.

Ch. 11. The Buddha was a hermit called "Patient."

Ch. 12. The Buddha was king "Power-of-love."

Ch. 13. This chapter contains three birth stories: in the first, the Buddha was King "Light-of-Knowledge"; in the second, he was ugly Prince "Log-of-Wood"; and in the third, an oil-maker.

Ch. 14. The Buddha was a wild beast called "Kunta," who sacrificed himself.

Ch. 22. The Buddha was King "Moonlight," who sacrificed his head.

Ch. 27. The Buddha was a King called "Able-to-make-clear" (*gsal-t'ub*), who had 84,000 portraits of a Buddha painted and sent to his various vassals.

Ch. 30. The Buddha was a merchant called "Great-giver," who went on a long sea-voyage.

Ch. 31. The Buddha was King "Mirror-face."

Ch. 32. The Buddha was a man called "Search-good," and Devadatta was one called "Search-evil."

Ch. 33. The Buddha was Prince "True-virtue," and Devadatta was Prince "Real-sin."

Ch. 34. The Buddha was a householder called "Peace-maker."

Ch. 35. Two birth stories: in the first, the Buddha was King "Eye-opener"; in the second, he was King Shuto-lag-gar-ni, who killed himself to become a monster fish on which his people fed in a time of famine.

Ch. 36. The story of "The man with the necklace of finger-joints" (*Aṅgulimālin*); the Buddha was Sutasoma.

Ch. 37. The Buddha was a Princess called "Able," who offered lamps before a Buddha.

Ch. 39. The story of the Householder called "He-with-a-stick." The Buddha was King "Handsome."

Ch. 43. The Buddha was a Brahman, who offered a piece of stuff to patch a Buddha's gown.

Ch. 44. The first evidence of the Buddha's divine loving-kindness.

Ch. 49. The Buddha was a lion called "Steadfast-to-his-vow."

4. Translations from the *Kandjur*.

TRANSLATION NO. I.—THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

[DULWA, VOLUME IV., PAGES 274-276.]

Mendicants, in days of yore there lived in a mountain village a very wealthy man, who married a woman of caste equal to his own. After a while she bore him a daughter, and on the twenty-first day after her birth they had a great naming-feast, and they called her "Having-a-bracelet" (Gdu-bu-chan).

And then a son was born, and the father thought: "Since there is born to us a maker of debts and a diminisher of means, I will take merchandise and go to foreign parts." And he thought also: "This wife of mine is handsome and young; if I give her too much money on going away, she will spend it with some other man; so I will give her but very little money before I go." So he gave her a little money, poured the rest into a golden vase, the neck of which he tied with a necklace of pearls, and having hid it near the horse-ear tree¹ in the cemetery, he departed for foreign lands. There he gained great wealth, and he staid there and married a woman who bore him many children.

After a while his first wife with her two children became dependent on the work of their hands and the kindness of their relatives. So the children said: "Where is our father?"

"My son," the mother answered, "he is in such a country, in such a town, I have heard say, and he lives in great wealth; go to him, and if he gives you a little, you will be able to make a living."

So the son set out to seek his father, and when he had come to the town where he lived, and was wandering about the streets, his father recognized him and called to him and said: "Where did you come from and where are you going?" And the lad told him his history.

Then the father thought: "Of a truth, this is my son," and he embraced him and told him to let no one know that he was his father, and he showed him great affection. His other children said: "Father, whose boy is this?" "It is the son of one of my friends," he answered. Then they thought: "If he is so very fond of him, it can only be because he is his own child." So they commenced ordering him about, thinking he was a motherless boy.

Then the father thought: "Among haters there are greater and lesser ones, but these (other sons of mine) will seek an occasion to kill this boy, so I will send him away. But if I send him away with something, they will kill him on the way for his money; so I will give him something that no one (not even himself) knows anything about." So he told him: "If you dig intelligently and carefully in the east of the earth and in the vicinity of the horse's ear in the suburb of the village, measuring with a *yojana*, you

¹ *Shing rta-rna*, in Tibetan.

will find a part of my wealth ; give to your sister what is around its neck. This is yours, go your way."

On the road his half-brothers laid hold of him and said : " What have you got from our father ? " " Nothing," he answered them, " but this secret " (and he told it to them). " Our father has deceived him," they said to themselves, " we will let him go ; " so they let him go his way. After awhile he got back to his home, tired, worn out with fatigue.

His mother said to him : " Have you got anything from your father ? "

" Only this secret, but it is nothing."

" Son," she answered, " he has deceived you, you may seek the whole road, but you will find nothing."

" Mother," the son answered, " that noble man has not deceived me," and then he explained the secret. " Village " means the one where he was born ; " suburb " means where corpses are burnt ; " near the horse's ear " means horse-ear tree ; " near it " means just what the words imply ; " in the east of the earth " means to the east ; " to measure with a *yojana* " means as much as a yoke will measure off.

Having thus explained the sense of the verse, he went, as soon as it was dark, to the cemetery, and looking around, saw a horse-ear tree, and having measured a yoke's length¹ on the eastern side of it, he dug a little and found a golden vase with a strand of pearls around its neck. He picked it up joyfully, carried it home, and taking off the pearl necklace, gave it to his sister.

What think ye, Mendicants ? At that time I was the householder, and he who was then the son is now this doctor who rightly interprets my (enigmatical) thoughts.

TRANSLATION NO. II.—THE HERMIT AND THE ELEPHANT.

[DULWA, VOLUME IV., PAGES 277-278.]

Mendicants, in days of old there was a certain wild country where were no hamlets, but only groves, flowers, and fruit-trees of many kinds and pleasing to the eye, and also delicious springs. Here lived a hermit of the Kāuṅika clan ; fallen fruit, roots, and water were his food and drink, and skins and bark supplied him with raiment, and the deer and birds used to come to his hermitage.

Now it happened one day that a she-elephant calved near by, but hardly was the calf born when the mother heard a lion roar ; so, filled with terror, she abandoned her young, after having dinged on it, and ran away.

After a while the hermit came out of his hut, and looking around he espied the new-born elephant without a mother, and

¹ The text reads *Dpag-tś'ad-kyis bchal*, while in the preceding paragraph in which the phrase occurs the last word is *bchad*. I take it that *bchal* (from *bjal* "to measure off") is correct, as *bchad*, which means "to cut off," does not appear to me to supply any sense in this connection.

his heart was touched with compassion, and he sought everywhere for the mother, but not finding her, he took the calf home and nursed and fed it as he would a child.

When (the elephant) had grown big, it hurt the hermit even in his dwelling, tore up the shrubs, stripped the branches off the fruit-trees, and did other innumerable wicked pranks. The hermit scolded it but it heeded him not. When its evil passions had shown themselves, he warned it, but it scorned him. After a while the hermit reproached it in the strongest terms, when (the elephant) rushed at him, killed him, and breaking through the side of the hut, ran away.

A god then spoke these verses :

“The vicious one, he who is always bad,
Is not a fit companion ;
So it was that in Kāuṇḍika’s hermitage
The long-fondled elephant did evil.
“Kindness, food and drink,
Avail thee naught with a wicked one,
For surely in Kāuṇḍika’s hermitage,
The elephant killed his holy friend.”

The Blessed One then said : “Mendicants, what think you ? He who was then the hermit, the same now am I, and he who was then the elephant is now Devadatta, who then as now knew not his own ingratitude.”

TRANSLATION NO. III.—THE UNGRATEFUL WREATH-MAKER.

[DULWA, VOLUME IV., PAGES 283-285.]

In times of yore, mendicants, there lived on a mountain a wreath-maker. His flower garden was on the farther side of a brook, and every day he crossed the stream to get flowers.

One day while crossing the stream he saw a perfect mango fruit floating down on the water. He took it and gave it to the gate-keeper (of the King); the gate-keeper gave it to the steward, and he gave it to the King, and the King gave it to his queen.

When the queen tasted it she was so delighted with its flavor that she said to the King : “Sire, I should like some more such mangoes.” So the King said to the steward : “From whom did you get that mango ?” “From the porter,” he answered. “Well, tell the porter (that the queen wants some more).” So he told the porter, who said : “I got it from the wreath-maker.”

Then the King said : “Sirs, call the wreath-maker.” So, the King’s men being summoned, he said to them : “Tell the wreath-maker that the King orders him to bring another mango from whence he got the first one.”

Now, it is not right to disobey the orders of a sovereign of men, so (the wreath-maker) filled with awe, took some provisions, set out to look for mangoes, and came to where he had found the first one. On the side of the mountain he found a mango tree to which monkeys, but no man, had ever been. The wreath-maker examined the tree all around (and found) it could not be reached

on account of a great chasm ; but he so much wanted the fruit that he staid there for many days until his provisions were all exhausted.

Then it occurred to him : “If I remain here without provisions I shall die. If there were only a little water (in the chasm ?) I might finally get up to the tree,” and he clutched the rocks and tried to get over, but he could not reach the mangoes and fell in.

Now, the future Buddha (Gotama) had been born on that mountain as a monkey, and was a monkey-chief. It so befell (lit., through the power of fate it happened) that he and his band were on the mountain, and coming along that way he saw in what dire distress the wreath-maker was, and knowing both what he had done and the circumstances of the case, he tried to help him, and as no single one of the monkeys could get him out, they decided to make steps with stones and by this means pull him up. So little by little, as they piled up the stones, they raised up the wreath-maker until finally, utterly exhausted, they dragged him out.

In those days beasts spoke the language of men, so they asked him : “How did this mishap befall you ?” And when he had told them, the future Buddha thought : “Since it would be unsafe for him to go away without these mangoes, I will get him some ;” and this noble creature, ever desirous and willing to help others, notwithstanding his fatigue, climbed the tree, plucked the fruit, and the man ate of them as many as he wanted and took as many away as he could carry.

Now future Buddhas (Bodhisattvas) sacrifice themselves for all creation, and this monkey-chief sacrificed himself here. He said to the man : “Master, I am weary, I must rest me for a little while.” “Do as thou wilt,” he answered. So he lay down and went to sleep.

Then the man thought : “I am without provisions, but should I eat the mangoes what could I give to the King ! I will kill this monkey, take his flesh as food, and go my way.” And so the cruel man, putting away all thought of the life to come, killed him with a big stone.

A deity spoke these verses :

“Succor and even miracles
As well as benefits and friendly talk (are naught) ;
Some men there are for whom
A service, once rendered, is forgot.”

What think you, mendicants ? he who at that time was the monkey-chief, he I am now ; and he who was then the wreath-maker is now Devadatta.

TRANSLATION NO. IV.—THE WOOD-CHOPPER AND THE BEAR.

[DULWA, VOLUME IV., PAGES 286-288.]

In times of yore there lived in the city of Benares a poor man who supported himself by selling wood. One day he rose up early in the morning, and, taking his ax and carrying-frame, started off to the forest for wood. On a sudden, rain began to

fall, accompanied by violent wind. The man sought everywhere a place of shelter and went from tree to tree, but in each place the rain drenched him to the skin, so he left the trees and took refuge in a cave.

Now in this cave there lived a brown bear, and when the man saw it, he was frightened and would have run away, but the bear said to him: "Uncle, why are you afraid?" But the man was timid and held back in fear. After a while the bear pressed him to his breast with both arms and gave him a quantity of roots and fruit (on which the man lived).

The storm lasted for seven days without the rain-god stopping it; but when seven days had passed and the eighth day had come, the rain-cloud passed away. Then the bear, having looked all around the horizon, took a quantity of roots and fruit (gave them to the man), and said to him: "Son, the rain-cloud has gone, the storm is over, go in peace." The man cast himself at the bear's feet and said: "Father, how can I show my gratitude?" "Son," he answered, "tell no one of my whereabouts, and you have repaid me." "I will do as you request," and having walked around him (as a sign of respect), he bowed down before him and went away.

When he had come to Benares, he met a hunter on his way to hunt deer, who said to him: "Comrade, where have you been these last few days? When that sudden rain-storm set in, your wife and family thought you had been killed by some wild beast; they were terrified and have been in dire despair. Tell me, how many birds and deer did you kill during the seven days' storm?" And the man told him what had happened. Then the other said: "Tell me, where is that bear's den?" "Promise me," he replied, "that you will not, at some future time, go to the part of the forest in which he lives." And this the other promised him. But after a while the hunter beguiled him with the promise of two-thirds of the bear's meat (if he would go with him to its den), and having got his hunting-knife,¹ they started off for the woodland den of the noble bear, and after a while the ungrateful man said to the cruel one: "Here is the bear's den." And the hunter, so as to kill it, put fire in the cave.

Choked with smoke, sorrowful at heart, and his eyes filled with tears, the noble bear spoke these verses:

"I lived in a hollow in the wilds,
Nourished with roots, fruit, and water,
With kindly feelings for all beings;
To no one have I done evil;
But when the hour of death has come,
Then nothing can avail.
The desires of beings and undesirable acts
Must needs follow the one the other,"²

and with these words he died.

¹ *Lam-mts'on* or "road-knife," probably a big knife like the Gorkha *kukree* used for clearing a pathway through the jungle.

² The sense of these last two lines is not very clear, although there is no doubt as to the general sense of the text.

When the men had butchered him and finished dressing the carcass, the hunter said to him who had been the author of this crime: "Take your two-thirds of the meat," but he spread out his hands and fell flat on the ground, and when the other hunters saw this, they exclaimed: "Alas! Alas!" and throwing away their share of meat they went away.

Hearing that a great miracle had occurred, a crowd went out to where it had happened, and King Brahmadata went out also. Now, somewhere on the mountain side there was a convent (*sanghārāma*), and King Brahmadata, with wonder-opened eyes, took the bear's skin with the intention of showing it to the monks who inhabited it, and he went to the monastery, and spreading out the skin, he seated himself and placed it at their feet, and told them the whole story. When he had finished, an elder (*Sthavira*), who was also a holy man (*Arahat*), spoke these verses :

"Mahārāja, this is no bear.
It has the splendor of a Future Buddha (*Bodhisattva*).
Mahārāja, the three worlds
And thou may rightly pay it homage."

Then the King thought: "He shall be honored," and the Monks said: "Sire, show him homage, for he is a future Buddha of this world-period."

Then King Brahmadata, his queens, sons, ministers, peasants, and the townspeople, all took sweet-smelling woods and went to the place where lay the body of the bear, and having collected in a heap all the flesh and bones, the King said: "Now put on it the sweet-smelling wood, and when you have done so, set it on fire." So they heaped up the sweet-smelling wood, and having shown great marks of honor to the remains, set fire to the pile, and after this they built a monument (*ch'ürten*) on the spot, and to it they fastened parasols, flags, and streamers, and here they made great offerings at stated periods. All those who took part in this great work reached heaven (*svarga*).

What say you now, mendicants? He who at that time was the brown bear, the same now am I; and he who was then the ungrateful man is now Devadata.

TRANSLATION NO. V.—THE ELEPHANT AND THE JACKAL.

[DULWA, VOLUME IV., PAGE 385.]

In days of old there was a great lotus-pond in a mountain country, where lived an elephant, and near by a jackal. Once upon a time the elephant went to the pond to drink, when the jackal came along and said to him: "If you do not want to have a quarrel, get out of my way."

The elephant thought: "If I should destroy this mass of cor-

ruption with my feet or my trunk or my tusks, it would demean me, for he is too vile ; forsooth, his own filth will kill him. So he spoke this verse :

“ I will not kill thee with my feet,
Nor my tusks, nor yet with my trunk ;
The filthy one shall be killed by filth.
Thou shalt die then in corruption.”

The elephant then said to himself : “ I will give up the road and take a byway, for I doubt not he is following me ;” so quickly he got out of the road and went away. But the Jackal thought : “ A simple word from me has frightened him, and he has run away,” and he went after him. Then the elephant, perceiving that he was near, threw at him with all his great might some dung, which hit him ; and so he died.

What think you, mendicants ? He who was then the elephant, the same now am I, and he who was the jackal, is now Devadatta.

TRANSLATION NO. VI.—GOLDEN-SHEEN (SUARNAPRABHĀSA),
THE KING OF PEACOCKS.

[FROM THE CRĪGUPTA SŪTRA, MDO, VOLUME XVI., FOLIOS 427-451.]

In days of yore King Brahmadata reigned in Benares ; and his riches, treasures, and possessions were vast, and his store-houses were full. Now King Brahmadata had a wife whose name was “ Incomparable,” and she was handsome and stately, and her face was exceedingly lovely. This princess was very dear to the King, and he satisfied her every whim and fancy.

At this same time there lived on the southern slope of Mount Kāilās, the chief of mountains, a king of the peacocks, “ Golden-sheen ” (*Suvarnaprabhāsa*) by name, and with him was a retinue of five hundred followers. His limbs were glossy, as was also his body, and as a jewel was his beak. Where'er he went, he was recognized as the grandest of all peacocks.

On a certain occasion, this King of peacock's cry was heard in the middle of the night within the city of Benares, and every one in the city talked of it. The wife of King Brahmadata happened to be on the terrace of her palace when this sound was heard, and so she questioned the King. “ Sire,” she said, “ whose is this voice so sweet, which causes such emotion and delight ? ”

The King answered : “ Princess, though I have not seen (its possessor), from its accents it must be that of Suvarnaprabhāsa, the king of the peacocks, who lives on the southern slope of Kāilās, the chief of mountains (*the rest as above*). Then the Queen said : “ Sire, I beg you to have this king of peacocks brought here.” King Brahmadata said : “ What is the use of my seeing him going through the air ? ”

But the Queen said : “ Sire, if you do not let me see this Suvarnaprabhāsa I shall die.”

So King Brahmadata, who was very much in love with her, was touched; and he said: "I will send out all my huntsmen and bird-charmers." So King Brahmadata had all his huntsmen and fowlers called and said to them: "It is reported, sirs, that on the southern slope of Kāilās, the chief of mountains, lives the peacock king, Suvarṇaprabhāsa, whose limbs and body are glossy, and whose bill is like a jewel: go and net or snare him and bring him here. If you succeed, it is well; but if you fail, I will have you all put to death."

So the hunters and fowlers, fearing for their lives, took their nets and snares and started for the southern slope of Kāilās, the chief of mountains. When they reached there, they stretched their nets and set their traps in the place where the king of peacocks lived, so that nets and hair nooses were all around him, but though they waited there seven days, pressed with hunger, they were unable to catch the peacock king.

Finally the king of peacocks, touched with compassion for them, came and said to the hunters: "Ye men of violence, why stay ye here, though pressed by hunger?" They answered him: "Here is the reason, O peacock king; King Brahmadata has ordered us saying: 'Go and take with your nets and snares Suvarṇaprabhāsa, the peacock king, whose limbs and body are glossy and whose bill is like a jewel, and who with five hundred followers lives on the southern slope of Kāilās, the chief of mountains. If you bring him here, it is well, but if you do not, you shall all be put to death;' so we, fearing for our lives, have come here to try and capture you." The king of peacocks said: "Men of violence, you cannot take me with snares and nets; but if King Brahmadata wants to see me, let him have Benares swept, sprinkled with scented water, decorated with flowers, let him have white awnings stretched, flags hoisted, and censers fuming with incense, let him get ready chariots with the seven kinds of precious stones, and then if in seven days from now he come here surrounded by his whole army, I will go of myself to Benares."

When the hunters and fowlers had heard what Suvarṇaprabhāsa, the king of the peacocks, said, they returned to Benares and went to King Brahmadata, to whom they said: "Listen, Sire! we departed hence with nets and snares and went to the south side of Kāilās, the chief of mountains. We stretched our nets and set our snares all around the place where the king of peacocks was living; but though we waited seven days, gnawed by the pangs of hunger, we were not able to catch him. But the king of peacocks, filled with compassion, came and spoke to us, asking us what we were doing staying there though suffering with hunger. When we had told him, he said to us, 'If Brahmadata wants to see me,' etc. etc. (*as above*).

When King Brahmadata had listened to the hunters and fowlers, he had the city of Benares arranged as the king of the peacocks had directed (*the rest as previously*), and with fine chariots ornamented with the seven kinds of precious stones, and

surrounded by all his army, he went to the southern slope of Kāilās, the chief of mountains, and the king of peacocks, Suvarṇaprabhāsa, riding also on a chariot made of the seven kinds of precious stones, uttered a cry which the whole army heard. So then King Brahmadaṭṭa, delighted, his heart filled with joy, did homage before Suvarṇaprabhāsa, king of the peacocks; he bowed down before him, made him offerings, honored him, and then they went back together to the city of Benares. When they arrived at the gate of Benares, again he uttered his cry, and it was heard throughout the whole city; and throughout the city, men, women, boys, and girls all rushed to the gates.

Then King Brahmadaṭṭa again honored the king of the peacocks, did him homage, made him offerings, honored him, and going to his palace, he sought the Queen and said to her: "Princess, the king of the peacocks, Suvarṇaprabhāsa, is coming to your dwelling."

Now King Brahmadaṭṭa made himself (daily) offerings of fruits and flowers to Suvarṇaprabhāsa, king of the peacocks; but it so happened, however, that on a day, the King, being busy, thought; "Who can make the offerings to Suvarṇaprabhāsa, the peacock king?" and it occurred to him that Princess "Incomparable" was clever and very learned, and that she could do it. So King Brahmadaṭṭa had his wife called and said to her: "Princess, please make the offerings to Suvarṇaprabhāsa, king of the peacocks, in the same way as I have done;" and King Brahmadaṭṭa's consort herself offered to the king of peacocks flowers and fruits.

Now it happened that on a certain occasion the Queen committed adultery and was with child; so she bethought herself: "If this king of peacocks does not speak, King Brahmadaṭṭa will not hear of this, and so will not want to kill me." So this woman gave the king of the peacocks poisoned food and drink; but the more she gave him, the healthier he looked, the more beautiful, the more pleasing, the more resplendent he became, and the Queen was filled with astonishment. But the king of the peacocks, Suvarṇaprabhāsa, cried out to her: "Thou rogue, thou rogue, I know thee! Thou didst think because thou wast with child by another man and this bird knows it, if he does not talk, the King will not hear of it and will not put me to death. So thou gavest me poisoned food and drink, but thou canst not kill me!"

On hearing these words, the Queen fell on her face, and having lost a great deal of blood (lit., arterial blood), was stricken down with a severe illness which caused her death, and after her death she was born in hell.

He who was the king of Benares is now Ārīputra, and I was the king of the peacocks, "Golden-sheen."